

## A LAND SALES PEOPLE.

Fanny B. Ward's Success as an Inland Explorer.

AT SAN RAFAEL AND SAN TELMO.

"Heaven pity the people upon whom nature has smiled so graciously."—How Puigse and Mescal are made.

Barra California, Mexico, June 9, 1889.  
[Special Correspondence of THE HERALD.]—Until within the last few years the interior of this peninsula has never been explored, except by wandering Indians and occasional prospectors, who are not prone to leaving their findings to the public. Of the main characteristics of the coast line, we have heard more or less; my purpose is to find out what lies between those two chains of hills.

That guard either shore from end to end. The black and forbidding walls rise gradually to the mountains that run down through the central portion of the long and narrow tongue of land; but between them are blooming valleys—mostly lying east and west of those people and products and possibly the world knows nothing.

It is no wonder people have not heard of them. Unless one possesses the patience of a job, the spinal column of a camel, and the determination of grim death, to rise gradually to the mountains that run down through the central portion of the long and narrow tongue of land; but between them are blooming valleys—mostly lying east and west of those people and products and possibly the world knows nothing.

A PLEASANT MAKE A PLEASURE-PARTY

of disclosing the secrets of this mysterious land, which has preserved them inviolate through all the centuries, in spite of greedy Spaniards and the most voracious and rapacious Yankees. It is easy enough to get to the edge; but the heart of the peninsula is still well hidden from the world.

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Northeast of the Salado, which at this point is ten miles from San Vicente, lies the Los Cachos and Calentura valleys, both of which contain ranches. We had time to make a detour to hunt them up, but thought better to ply the people upon whom

NATURE HAS SMILED SO GRACIOUSLY, but who are so completely isolated from the world as though they were located on an island in mid-ocean. Five miles further on is the Agua Verde ("Green water") valley, perfectly enclosed and beautifully level, tapering toward the west, where it becomes a mere gate for the admission of ocean breezes. From this valley eastward, the land beyond the San Rafael, for at least eight consecutive miles the hills are covered with the maguey plant (Agave Americana), American also a century plant, in marked profusion that to walk or ride between their spire-like points would be impossible. Here is another future source of wealth for the peninsula, springing up by the wayside. From it is made the national beverage, pulque, and the favorite intoxicant, mescal; the pulp, after the liquor is extracted, affords a good article of molasses; the leaves dried and crushed, are about the best paper pulp in the world; and from this fibres, ropes, sails, thread, etc. are obtained. To encourage home manufacture the Mexican government offers a cash subsidy of \$3.00 to every mill for the reduction of the maguey when completed and in operation.

This region is crossed by the valley called San Rafael del sur (of the south), which may not be confounded with the valley of the same name east of Ensenada at the Northern end of the peninsula. It seems a pity that those who had the names of these places in their religious duty to stick so closely to the nomenclature of the Saints, the result being a

WHOLESALE REPUTATION THAT IS OFTEN CONFUSING.

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George: William Houten, Cedar City; A. G. Heywood, Ogden; John Farrah, W. H. Shaw, Park City; H. Chandler, Utah; James Hughes, Stockton; R. Ryan, St. Paul; T. D. Sullivan, Lacey; F. Von Fritsch, New Orleans; Miss Lucy Clark, Miss Van Otter, Aspen, Colo.; G. M. Young, F. C. Hensley, Frankfort, Ky.; G. M. Cohen, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. J. G. Gates, Bailey, Gates, Lincoln, Neb.; J. G. L. Lewis, Burlington, Iowa; Mrs. C. Thompson, Lincoln, Neb.; K. Phillips, Miss Sadie Miller, Omaha; Charles Lewis, Burlington, Iowa; David Keith, Park City; B. H. Hawley, Colorado.

WHITE HOUSE, corner of Main and Second South. Most central location of any hotel in the city. Opposite postoffice. Union ticket and Pullman office in the hotel. Newly remodeled and furnished throughout. Table unsurpassed. Electric light, bath, and all modern conveniences. Terms \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day. H. L. Hall, Proprietor.

Novel attractions at Lake Park on Sunday. Be sure and go.

Boys' walking 30c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, and upwards at F. Auerbach & Bros.

Woollet, Lenz & Jeno are selling out. Farmers, look at their prices.

WE THE LADS AND LASSES.

The Burns Club have a Royal Time at Synagogue—The Poem.

The Scotch had their excursion to Syracuse on Thursday last. Three trains from Ogden and three from Salt Lake brought the clans together for a day's indulgence in their native sports.

Soon after their arrival at the grove the sports were commenced, which included swimming, boating, foot-racing, sack-racing, quoits, dancing, etc. Mr. William C. Dunbar was there with the bagpipes, and gave several tunes, which made the old folks forget their age.

During the afternoon Mr. David Henderson read the following original verses:

COME A' TOGETHER.  
We wish you a bann gear an' sma' A merry, happy day,  
Shake hands a' round a' care nae dreen, Let gladness be fu' swa'.

For birth an' cheer we're gathered a'round, Ye come a' to the feast,  
Ye young or old—ye heads nae need, Or looks as white as the snow.

The' far awa' frae Scotland braw, Whar' memories fond still cling,  
Ye' hae nae nae nae nae nae nae nae, Her sangs we'll gladly sing.

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## LINGERING LIVES.

Some Harrowing Instances of Living Persons Being Buried.

MIND READER BISHOP'S AUTOPSY.

An Inconceivable Fact that there are More Burials Alive than is Generally Supposed—Tales Told by Undertakers.

The tragic death of Mind Reader Washington Irving Bishop, and the sensation created by his mother's claim that he was not dead, but in a trance, when the previous autopsy was made by Drs. Irwin and Ferguson, directs public attention to a matter that has often been considered not only by scientists but by all thoughtful men.

It will be remembered that Bishop had a cataleptic fit immediately after performing a marvelous and as yet unexplained feat of mind reading at the Lamps club—a club of actors, journalists and literary men with a leaning towards Bohemianism. Bishop had often been stricken with these fits after his performances, and seemed to consider them necessary and unavoidable penalties.

The performance of his feat—whether of mind reading, muscle reading or thought transference the present writer will not presume to state—invariably threw him into a condition of great excitement, and his pulse not infrequently beat 150 times to the minute. It may be said, in passing, that this fact would seem to be sufficient to refute the contention of the statement that Bishop's fits were nothing more or less than charismatics.

THE AUTOPSY.  
The autopsy was performed, "in the interest of science," only six hours after Bishop was supposed to have died. His supposed death occurred nine or ten hours after he was seized with the fit. Efforts are said to have been made to resuscitate him, and a strong electric current was applied to the supposed dead body.

That which would seem to establish the fact that Bishop was not dead when the doctors used their knives is the fact that his mother claims that her son was subject to trances, and would be apparently dead for days at a time. She states that this physical peculiarity was hereditary, and that she herself often passed into a trance like condition. She says, further, that her son always had a morbid fear that an autopsy would be performed on him before he had passed from his body. At any rate, many of the most prominent physicians of New York, who have been interviewed on the subject, state that under no circumstances would they perform an autopsy on a body before it had been dead at least twenty-four hours. It is a well known fact that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to determine whether or not a person stricken with a cataleptic fit, and apparently deprived of life, is really dead, and it seems strange that the physicians who performed the autopsy on Bishop did not have a sufficiently strong appreciation of this fact.

The latest autopsy, which was held on the demand of Bishop's mother, was productive of no important results.

It has been alive beyond all contradiction that there are more burials alive than is generally supposed. Stories of these cases are numerous. Not more than a month ago a girl named and was buried. Her father, having an instinctive feeling that she had been buried alive, had the body exhumed. It was proved that she was right. The girl had turned completely over in her coffin, her hands were clutched in her hair and her face showed traces of the awful agony she had passed through.

A New York undertaker recently told the following story, the circumstances of which are still remembered by old residents of the city:

"About forty years ago a lady living on Division street, New York city, fell dead apparently, while in the act of dancing at a ball. It was a fashionable affair, and being able to afford it, she wore costly jewelry. Her husband, a flour merchant, who had been devotedly resolved that she should be interred in her ball dress, diamonds, pearls and all; also that there should be no autopsy. As the weather was very inclement when the funeral reached the cemetery, the body was placed in the receiving vault for burial next day. The undertaker was not a poor man, he was avaricious and he made up his mind to possess the body. He went in the night and took the lady's watch from the folds of her dress. He next began to draw a diamond ring from her finger, and in doing so had to use violence enough to tear the skin. The terrified and conscience-stricken, fled from the cemetery, and has never been since heard from."

"The lady, after the first emotions of horror at her husband's position had passed over, gathered her nerves together and stepped out of the vault which the thief had left open. How she got home I cannot tell, but this I know—she lived and had children, two at least of whom are alive today, and made her husband happy, and I myself, during the absence of her husband, who, as I have said, was a flour merchant, paid money into her hands for goods received."

ANOTHER CASE.  
Another New York undertaker told this harrowing story. The New York papers thirty-five years ago were full of his ghastly details.

The daughter of a Court street baker died. It was in winter, and the father knowing that a married sister of his dead child, who lived in St. Louis, would like to see her face before laid in the grave forever, had the body placed in the vault waiting her arrival. The sister came, the vault was opened, the lid of the coffin taken off, when, to the untold horror of the family, the body was found, they found the grave clothes torn in shreds, and the fingers of both hands eaten off. The girl had been buried alive."

Until about forty years ago a noted family of Virginia preserved a curious custom which had been religiously observed for more than a century. Over a hundred years ago a member of the family died, and upon being exhumed, was found to have been buried alive. From that time until about 1850 every member of the family, man, woman or child, who died, was stabbed in the heart with a knife in the hands of the head of the house. The reason for the custom of this custom was that, in 1850 or thereabouts, a beautiful young girl, having died, the knife was plunged into her chest, and she was buried to a fearful scream and died. She had merely been in a trance. The incident broke her father's heart, and in a fit of remorse he killed himself not long afterward.

There are many families in the United States which, when any of their number dies, insist that an artery be opened to determine whether life has fled or not.

Judge—Is there any reason why I shall not pronounce sentence upon you?  
Prisoner—No; do by me just as you would do by yourself were you in my position.  
—Omaha World.

Simon Short's son Samuel. Sentimental, Sincere, Soothing, Sprightly, Specially Silly.

Shrewd Simon Short sowed seeds. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine successively, saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing stanch, saw Simon's self same squandering sign still swinging, spelling: "Simon Short, Smithfield's surviving shoemaker; shoes sewed, sold, supplied."

Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sowed shirts, stitched shawls, stuffed shoes. Simon's six stout sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Sam, Shadrach, Silas—sowed sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, saws; Sincere Stephen sold silks, shawls; Sprightly Sam sold silver, sundries; Shrewd Shadrach sold shawls, shoes; Sober Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed shoes.

Some seven summers since Simon's second son Samuel saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam sowed strange symptoms. Sam seldom staid storing, selling saddles. Sam signed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung several serenades slyly.

Simon stormed, scolded severely; said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs.

Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sowed shirts, stitched shawls, stuffed shoes. Simon's six stout sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Sam, Shadrach, Silas—sowed sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, saws; Sincere Stephen sold silks, shawls; Sprightly Sam sold silver, sundries; Shrewd Shadrach sold shawls, shoes; Sober Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed shoes.

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